

## TRUE TO HIS WORD.

A NOVEL.

"What! merely for being smitten by their sister's charms? Is it not possible that they may have led him into some imprudence?"

"Perhaps," returned Santoro. "His body was taken into the church, to be left till morning; but in the night he revived, and dragged himself to the mountains, where there were some fine fellows like ourselves, who received him gladly. Among us there is a field for merit, and the best man is nearly certain to come uppermost."

"Corbara, for example," said Walter. "Do you think yourself a worse man than Corbara or less fit to govern?"

"Of course, everything is not perfect even up in the mountains. Corbara will be shot some day, and it will be better for such as you, signor, when it happens."

"Corbara is a brute, I suppose?" observed Walter.

"Yes, indeed; or if he is a man he has no heart. He would always rather have blood than ransom."

"And yet you must obey him or men like him," said Walter, "and be a witness to his brutalities. Now, supposing it were possible that I could procure your pardon?"

"It is useless, signor," interrupted the other; "such propositions have been made to me before to-day. You are about to propose some scheme of escape."

"I have no such intention; I merely wished to know if the opportunity of living another sort of life should offer itself to you."

"It never will, it never can. Why should we talk of such matters?" said the brigand. "We were speaking of Corrali. Well, in course of time he became captain of the band. It was not in that year, nor in the next, but, however, he had not forgotten upon the mountain what had happened down yonder. One Sunday morning, when the folks were all in the village church in which he had been left for dead, he descended with his men and surrounded it. The congregation were made to file before him. Two of the brothers of Carmina (that was the girl's name) were among them; those he shot, and three others escaped. Then he went to the house of his old master, and carried off the girl with him into the mountains."

"What a monster!" ejaculated Walter. "Carmina never took to him, in consequence of what he had done; and after a few months she died."

"And what is the story of Joanna?" inquired Walter.

"Joanna's case was the reverse of Carmina's; she too was in farm service, and wooed by her master's son, whose affection she did not return. She joined the band, and Lavocca, who was her inseparable companion, did likewise."

"I see. Joanna could not well have come without Lavocca, who, to keep her company, sacrificed her own prospects. It is no wonder that she is Joanna's friend."

"Indeed, she has a right to be so considered, even though Joanna is a great lady. She can shoot and run like a deer, and is so beautiful."

"And notwithstanding these accomplishments," inquired Walter, "is Joanna tender towards those persons who fall into her brother's hands?"

"Well, she has an eye for a handsome fellow," answered Santoro; "but that is what men are sure to say."

"If Joanna likes handsome men, Santoro, you give her this," said Walter, handing his companion the little portrait which he had finished.

The delight of Santoro at this presentment of himself was extreme; his expressions of admiration were so loud that they attracted not only his mate Colletta, but the gamblers themselves, who crowded about him.

"Wonderful!" "Fine!" "Excellent!" One would have thought that no one had sketched the human figure since Michael Angelo's time.

"What is all this about?" asked Corbara. He plucked the portrait from the hand of its original, and made as though he would have torn it.

"Stop!" cried Santoro in a voice shrill with passion; his musket, fortunately for his foe, was not within reach, but his hand sought his girdle. The next minute a blow from the lieutenant's pistol struck levelled him to the ground. If the onslaught had been less violent, and Santoro had been able to take his own part in the matter, it is possible that he might have gained the victory, for the feelings of the great majority of the band were clearly with him. But now that the man was down who might have proved their ringleader, authority was paramount, and neither tongue nor finger stirred in rebellion against it. Only Col-

letta quietly brought a handful of half melted snow, and, kneeling down beside his fallen comrade, proceeded to wipe the blood from his face.

"This rubbish here," said he, still holding the sketch in his left hand, "is either worthless or dangerous. If it resembles the man, it is clear that it may be used to identify him should this Englishman ever gain his liberty. Would it be for your advantage if he took a portrait of every one of you and stuck them up in Palermo, so that the soldiers should know you wherever you moved? If it is not like him, it is of no value to any one."

"What you suggest might have had some sense, Corbara," observed Walter, "had I intended to keep the sketch for myself; but I had given it to Santoro, and am willing to do the same for any one else who has a fancy for having his portrait taken."

"Come, come, lieutenant," said one, "what the signor says is reasonable enough; we need only show the pictures to whom we like and who like us."

"Yes, and when shall we have such another chance?" pleaded another. "It is not as though we could go into the towns and get our pictures taken by the sun for half a ducat, like those who live down yonder."

Walter did not trouble himself to listen to these arguments or to the lieutenant's reply to them; he had found it hard enough to give the man the few civil words which he had bestowed upon him, with that spectacle of his brutality—the prostrate form of Santoro—before his eyes. Now he had knelt down by the side of Colletta and was assisting him in his simple ministrations to the wounded man. Santoro had been friendly towards him, and he was not going to withhold the hand of sympathy from him, for fear of this insolent bully. It was upon Walter's pitying face that the eyes of the poor brigand first opened upon his regaining consciousness.

"The picture!" murmured he. "Where is the picture for Lavocca?"

"You shall have it or another," said Walter. "Have you brandy?" inquired he of Canelli, whom the condition of the wounded man appeared to interest, not from tenderness of heart, but because blood had a natural attraction for him. "It will be the best medicine for your friend."

"I have a little," returned the juvenile brigand—"about as much as I want for myself. He shall have a drink of it if you will draw my picture."

So it seemed that Lieutenant Corbara had taken off his embargo upon art, and had graciously permitted his men to sit to Walter.

This permission was of no slight advantage to the prisoner, both immediate and remote, for not only did it put him on amiable terms with his patrons, but when the hour for the mid-day meal arrived, and with it only loaves of black bread, without even the raccolta of the previous evening, he found his loaf had been filled by some grateful hand with pieces of broiled kid. It was a contribution, Colletta whispered to him, from his sitters, but of which he was to say nothing, because of Corbara, who would have deprived him of it; and he enjoyed it, and none the less because he gave a share of it to Santoro. The poor fellow was little the worse for his maltreatment, and seemed in no way to resent it. Punishment under authority was not looked upon as an indignity among brigands, though they were quick enough to avenge an insult.

After dinner the disadvantages of open-air life became very perceptible in the shape of a driving rain, from which, in their elevated situation, there was but little shelter. It was intensely cold, and yet the brigands dared light no fire, for fear of announcing the position of the camp to the soldiers. Nothing was to be done, but for all (save the sentinels) to wrap themselves up in their capotes, and huddle together as close as sheep frightened by a dog. His companions, accustomed to sleep in the daytime and move at night, soon forgot their discomforts in slumber; but Walter was not so fortunate. He lay for hours listening to the sigh of the wind, the wish of the rain, and had only just fallen asleep, when a kick on the leg awoke him, accompanied by an order to "get up." It was fine overhead, though by no means clear, and the moon was rising, by the light of which he perceived Corbara, his musket sloped over his shoulder, and evidently prepared for departure.

"Santoro," said this worthy, in tones that he endeavored to make conciliatory, "you are still an invalid, it seems, so you will be excused from your attendance on the prisoner, and command in camp in my absence. Canelli will take your place upon the march."

"Pardon me, lieutenant," answered he; "I am quite well now, and have received my orders from the captain; and I mean to obey them. Strike me again, and you will have to settle with him the Who-shall-be-Master question a second time."

The allusion was evidently a very bitter one, and yet one which he dared not resent. "I shall have a word or two to say to the captain about you, my fine fellow," was his rejoinder.

"That is one of the reasons why I intend to accompany you, lieutenant. It is only right he should hear both sides."

"I believe you to be half a traitor," answered Corbara. "You are unfit to be trusted with the care of a prisoner, you who receive gifts at his hands and make yourself his friend. You require some one to look after you, and Canelli shall do it."

At these words the young recruit stepped up, gun in hand, and stationed himself on Santoro's left. It was an indignity, as Walter could perceive, which touched his old body guard to the quick, who, next to Corbara, was the senior member of the band; but he said nothing. About a dozen brigands had been selected for the expedition, the rest remaining in camp. At the word "March!" they set out; but there was not much marching. The ground did not even permit of a foot pace; it was so steep that they had to run, except where the brushwood was so thick that they could make way through it with difficulty. After they had gone a mile or two they crossed a small stream, at which every one stopped to drink, for streams are rare in Sicily, and they had had nothing hitherto to quench their thirst, save melted snow. Walter took the opportunity to wash his hands and face, which he had not done for twenty-four hours; his delay was not of a minute's duration, yet the purpose of it being misconstrued it almost cost him his life. "Get on or I shoot!" cried Santoro; and this was accompanied by the ominous click of three guns. Walter made some remonstrance, and though the incident dashed certain hopes he had begun to cherish, did not permit it to interrupt his amiable relations with Santoro. Nor did the latter appear to treat it otherwise than as a matter of official routine, such as no person holding a commission from Il Capitano Corrali could have dispensed with.

"Can you guess, signor," said he in a low voice, "why the lieutenant was so civil just now as to make me his deputy in his absence if I would have accepted the honor?"

"To make up, I suppose, for his brutal attack upon you yesterday."

"No, no, signor; he is not one to repent his deeds. He wished to keep me from seeing Lavocca."

"So we are going to see the ladies, are we?" inquired Walter. The thought that he was about to behold Lillian and her father filled him with delight, in spite of the sad circumstances under which their meeting must needs take place.

"Yes, I am sure of it. I saw that Corbara had put his rings on?"

This statement was quite unintelligible to Walter, and an accession of speed on the part of his companions prevented any explanation. Presently a halt was made for refreshment, and then he saw Santoro produce a number of little tin boxes, containing various articles of jewellery, with which he proceeded to adorn his person. Walter guessed from these preparations that they were near the termination of their journey; but for the rest of the way the party moved more slowly, and with exceeding vigilance. The dawn had now broken, yet so woody was the mountain that it seemed still dusk. Again and again Corbara whistled the brigand note and waited for a reply in vain. But at last he was answered. Sweet and low the call stole down from the summit of the mountain, so mellowed by distance and rendered so harmonious by time and place that Walter hardly recognized it for what it was.

(To be Continued.)

## The Strike.

Experience has shown that strikes are a drastic, and at best a very questionable, remedy for the redress of the laborer's grievances. They paralyze industry, they often foment fierce passions and lead to the destruction of property, and above all, they result in inflicting grievous injury on the laborer himself by keeping him in enforced idleness, during which his mind is clouded by discontent while brooding over his situation, and his family not unfrequently suffers from the want of even the necessities of life. It would be a vast stride in the interests of peace and of the laboring classes if the policy of arbitration which is now gaining favor for the settlement of international quarrels were also availed of for the adjustment of disputes between capital and labor. Many blessings would result from the adoption of this method, for, while strikes, as the name implies, are aggressive and destructive, arbitration is conciliatory and constructive; the result in the former case is determined by the weight of the purse, in the latter by the weight of the argument.—"Our Christian Heritage," by Cardinal Gibbons.

SIR DONALD SMITH,  
K. C. M. G.

DEAR SIR,—The undersigned, electors of Montreal West, respectfully urge you to allow yourself to be again nominated as their candidate for the representation of this division in the next Parliament. They ask from you permission to give them the opportunity of expressing in this way their high appreciation of your services to the city and country, as a representative in Parliament, and as an honored citizen.

Andrew Allan  
J S Allan  
D A Watt  
Thos D Reed, M D  
H S Macdougall  
A M Crombie  
G A McHenry  
Arch Nicoll  
Henry Fugh  
W W Robertson, Q C  
J C Fleet  
J J C Abbott  
George W Hamilton  
G Munro  
R Cowans  
D McEachran  
J Hutton Balfour  
B H A Brown  
A F Dunlop  
W McLagan  
F X Mayotte  
Thos Pringle  
Albert D Nelson  
Geo Woodhouse  
Thos Conroy  
W E Finn  
J Huick  
G C May  
Thos S Beilby  
Z Benoit  
J Walsh  
A Rozand  
Lewis Grant  
H Judah  
P Clark  
Newton Tucker  
C H McKenna  
C W Smith  
Rudolph Durant  
W R Beauchamp  
R D McNally  
Warden King  
Jas C King  
James B McKay  
A Spence  
C Phillips

John Norrish  
E Anderson  
Robert Hyman  
Charles McCahon  
Wm Campbell  
James Greer  
Alfred Miller  
James McClaw  
Wm Koulston  
M Allan  
Pierre Mailloux  
William Carson  
Joseph Best  
A M McIntosh  
John Brunet  
F Filiasturult  
F X Roy  
Albert Taylor  
J L Bronsdon  
F Stevens  
Marc Trudel  
J B Bronsdon  
Geo Bawn  
Thos Kingston  
F F Miller  
Eric Mann  
Alex Anderson  
E A Lilly  
F W W Aldey  
W Adams  
Aller Bohr  
J D McBurnie, Jr  
M Nash  
John R Arnott  
R T Routh  
J C Badgley  
R C Jamieson  
A T Higginson  
Charles Gyde  
F St G Stroud  
H Grant  
E S Clouston  
A Macdonald  
A B Buchanan  
James Aird  
M B Ainsworth  
F J Hunter  
A F Macdonald  
G A Farmer  
R Y Hebden  
J Dixon  
J H Pipou  
Edwin H Gough  
T W Taylor  
A T Angus  
Arch G Parker  
N P Lamoureux  
G Crawford  
W H Gagnier  
W Lafontaine  
A Laverrerie  
A Bigaquette  
C Queney  
H Onelleite  
A Laporte  
A Lebeau  
T B Catter  
Tancrede Pitre  
A Canton  
J Trudeau  
G A Grier  
W A Clarkson  
Alex Dube  
George A Milne  
Andrew Stewart  
Edward Silversen  
James Kane  
E Griffith  
John Kidd  
Louis Guerard  
James Chiphase  
Firmen Bedard  
Duncan Davison  
H Sampson  
A G W Achison  
John H Palmer  
Arthur G Olive  
William G Reid

Wm G Murray  
R S Auld  
Donald Fraser  
Joseph T Bolt  
Thomas Jordan  
Alex Douglas  
Joseph Eveleigh  
Hugh Cameron  
M Freeman  
W M Keavns  
Geo Baillie  
Thomas Channell  
W P Scott  
J C Campbell  
J A Nicolson  
E J Maxwell  
A A Kirby  
Max Herger  
James Lee  
Alexander Bremner  
W J Clarke  
Henry Grant  
Saml S Grant  
Henry F Jackson  
Sam Goltman  
Strachan Bethune  
Jos Rielly  
David Burke  
E Frank Moseley  
K W Blackwell  
W J Withall  
Thomas M Dougall  
Geo Wilkins, M D  
Seargent P. Stearns  
Walter J Joseph  
Faytte Brown  
A E Abbott  
Richard White  
James Stewart, M D  
John S Hall  
Thomas Stewart  
Alfred Turner  
D English  
T M Leclair  
D Marling  
N H Patterson  
J Mills  
Thomas S Judah  
G E Fenwick, M D  
A R Mudge  
T Butler  
M E Cheese  
Charles Holland  
R M Liddell  
C W Radiger  
W F Johnston  
Thomas Peck  
James H Peck  
G J Crowdy  
W H Hutton  
Thos H Newman  
W R Hutchins  
Chas Stimson  
F Stephen  
Jno A Robertson  
Walter Townsend  
D S Macintyre  
E A Whitehead  
Theo Lyman  
Fred R Cole  
W P McGuirk  
J L Moss  
I H Stearns  
J Philip Scott  
W D O'Brien  
H L Putnam  
J Craddock Simpson  
Henry Sears  
John L Morris, Q C  
Charles M Holt  
F S MacLennan  
F Fairman  
A E Hanna  
F B Cornell  
F A Morrison  
J Beamish Saul  
Chas E Goad  
Jas Elliot  
Wm Donahue  
Edward C Pratt  
Thomas Hiam  
Aug F Le Messurier  
S A Ferneyhough  
Geo Verry & Co  
John Cunningham  
W Henry  
Walter Street  
L H Brennan  
Wm Donohue  
G W Swift  
A L Thivierge  
C Campbell  
Jos Loiselle  
Chas Hubbard  
P O Giroux  
D Shaw  
J J M Pangman  
James Lindsay  
D Kinghorn  
C H Cooke  
J Gillespie Muir  
Henry MacCulloch  
W Oliver Smith  
Lyndon Smith  
J W Harvey  
J Johnston  
A Allan Mackenzie  
A B Cassils  
Alfred Pennell  
Chas A Harcourt  
J Fred Harper  
H J Norman  
Wilson B Allan  
A J Kavanagh  
Haycock & Dudgeon  
A B Haycock  
W P Scott  
James M Smyth  
T Talbot  
David Stewart  
William Moodie  
Alex B J Moore  
G White  
Wm Wright  
Fred A Ritchie  
Chas N Ramsay  
A Rolland  
James Duggan  
John C Watson  
J B Williamson  
Jas A Cantlie  
James Slessor  
William Reid  
John A Paterson  
Irwin Harris  
Thomas Samuel  
Robt Linton  
Ross Robertson  
Chas G Hope  
R M Esdaile  
Jno Dillon  
Hermann Drechsel  
J N E Marchand  
Peter C Luillen  
A Cunningham  
Arthur J Pickard  
O W Winslip

R Hewson  
William Sparling  
Edward Parker  
C C Fessenden  
Frederick Grey  
George Munday  
C Charbonneau  
J A Pelletier  
J B Gosselin  
J E H Paddon  
W H Dodds  
George Graham  
A J Pell  
Geo F Phelps  
W Godbee Brown  
James M Adler  
Wm Hunter  
Chas Wilson  
W H Ulley  
John Moore  
A Strachan  
A Proudfoot, M D  
Thomas Howard  
Geo T Ross, M D  
J Bte Lemieux  
J W Beall  
Edward F Bourne  
Armine D Nicolls  
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Lachlan Mackay  
Wm Ewane  
Frs H Langlois  
B H Kwing  
D Sinclair  
J L Barre  
R Forsythe  
C Arthur Jacque  
Henry Dobell  
G M Kinghorn  
D A McPherson  
Jas E Rendell  
J L Smith  
Jno B McCea  
Alex McFee  
Henry A Budden  
H W Raphael  
James F Hundle  
Wm Andrews  
John Corbett  
M J McGrail  
Cobban Mfg Co  
John Simpson  
Joshua A Bell  
Wm B Smith  
Geo J Latremouville  
L Devany  
John Duggan  
Alexander Campbell  
J Bromphy  
J Simmons  
Geo L Cains  
Edw Black  
J H Armstrong  
W R Milne  
W Mitchell  
George B Fraser  
P H Hardy  
P C Mitchell  
D R Spriggins  
Arthur Brennan  
W E Stanley  
D Smart  
W P Beauchamp  
J A Lefebvre  
J A Gariepy  
H N Barcelo  
W J McClurg, jr  
T A Kerfoot  
J R Smith  
H Giroux  
J Harper  
F Burton  
John A Barry  
S R Gauthier  
W Hutchings  
J A Pare  
T A Beauchamp  
Edward Kavanagh  
T J Moccock  
James Shearer  
G W Gagnon  
Louis Rolin  
T R Ridgeway  
W Paterson  
G H Jinnkin  
Reg Graves  
Fred Shipton  
G E Cooke  
James T Shearer  
G Hague  
John Gault  
W Wallace  
H Ions  
M Ryan  
Arch Allan  
Ernest A Molson  
Geo W Fred Carter  
W M Ramsay  
Jas Dewey  
Frederic Hague  
Geo Parker  
James H Brown  
H C Maltby  
A C E Darling  
Henry Thomas  
Fred W Saffery  
Smeaton White  
David Wm Telford  
R Proverneau  
G W Lyons  
E Clarey  
N Knollman  
J D O'Connor  
Ang St Germain  
Frank S Cleverley  
Timothy O'Connor  
A A Stevenson  
John W Reid  
Kenneth McKay  
Robert Leather  
J F Mucoun  
F Smith  
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W R Samuel  
Chas D Proctor  
Wm Kinloch  
David Crawford  
Chas J Baird  
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Fred G A Kearns  
F P Loney  
M Greene  
T Cafferty  
T J Winslip  
G W Krause